

INDEPENDENT STANDARD.

A. A. EARLE, EDITOR.

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Office and Office Beggars.

The time was, in the earlier days of the republic, and of the State, when men were sought for office; where merit, fitness, capacity, were qualities that marked men as candidates and insured to them an election. Integrity was a principle in those days, and modesty was not so rarely identified with merit in candidates as to be noted as a peculiarity. Men did not thrust themselves on conventions and importune for an appointment, or a candidacy for this office or that; but the selection was left to an unbiased, discerning, and patriotic popular will. Honesty, capacity, adaptation to the place, and fidelity to the state, were properties required for, and the tests of fitness for office. The result was, the wisest, the purest, and the best men were chosen to office and adorned the positions which they held. Station came to be a proof of merit, and office a certificate of honor to the incumbent.

How changed are the times and manners! Now offices are sought by and for men. The enquiry is now, not so much what are his principles, but to what clique, or party, does he profess to belong? Whose slave, whose tool, whose creature for dirty work is he? Not so much if he will be a servant and trustee of the public, as whether he will be subservient to his party? Not so much whether he has education or brains, as whether he is endowed with disposition, or fitness, for low and vulgar intrigue sufficient to attain some special, partisan, or personal end. Another important enquiry is, who among the numerous beggars for office shall be the candidate. It does not seem to matter how inconsiderate the office is; how onerous and thankless the drudgery thereof may be; even to that of justice of the peace, and such offices as are usually supplied in our annual March meetings, a dozen hungry, ambitious beggars will strive and importune for each of these, like Lazarus for a bone. They do not question their own fitness for the office they seek, neither does their party seem to care—the main enquiry with the latter is, how else can the beggars be got rid of but by electing them to the offices they importune for.

Thus offices have come to be filled by inferior men—by men who regard the offices as the "spoils of the victors," and who "strut their brief hour upon the stage" as if the possession of office, and not the possession of brains, dignified and made the man. Thus offices have ceased to be honorable, and the post of honor has become the private station. Men get not office now except they beg for it, and cringe, and fawn, and beg unceasingly for it. Many of them are like, and yet unlike, the rich man's steward spoken of in St. Luke—they cannot, or will not, dig if they can live otherwise, but they are not at all ashamed to beg. The pride of true greatness does not seem much to become them, for that is usually accompanied by modesty. Vanity is their attribute, and that is seldom identified with brains. Wisdom acquires so much that it is abashed by the discovery of the vast stores yet to be attained. Vanity knows so little it conceives that it knows all. Solon, Bacon, Washington, were men of wisdom, and conceived themselves quite unfitted to the lofty stations they adorned. Ben Brummel was a thing made up by a tailor, attracted the world's attention by his foppery, and conceived the office he held as leader of fashion, to be greater than that of Wellington as leader of armies. So, in almost every community, there are more or less of Peter Nincompoops holding perhaps, some town office which they have toiling for years to attain, and which a man of business or of sense would shun, and having reached the goal, they swell till their skins seem to tight to hold them. Their petty office seems to them, as the peacock's tail does to that silly bird—they see nothing else, and think the world are dazzled as they are. Each, in his little community,

"Thinks himself a God,
And gives a nod
To shake the spheres."

In his own mind he makes Solomon, and all others as unappreciating, who would say of such diminutive greatness as his, "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity." Yet if Solomon knew how long this to that Peter Nincompoop had waddled in the "Slough of Despond," and how perseveringly, almost like the frog in the well, he had jumped to get upon a wafer, where he might "be seen of men;" if he knew what miserable subterfuges, what contemptible tricks, the beggar had employed, and what abject cringing he had submitted to, to get in a position where he might clearly show himself an ass, we think he would resort to homely language, and cry "humbug, humbug, Peter Nincompoop, and humbug!"

KELAM'S TROTTER HORSE ABDALLAH.—Mr. George M. Kelam, of this place, has lately purchased a horse in Boston and brought him to this county for the improvement of stock. He is, without doubt, the fastest nag in the county—having trotted his mile in 2:40 and 2:41. We have seen him and noted his speed, and do not hesitate to say that he "gets up" as well as any horse we ever saw—the fame of your Black Hawks before our mind notwithstanding. He has great muscular power and is of the Abdallah breed, which class of horses is not very well known in Vermont. But inspect him for yourselves, and you will see a horse capable of great endurance.

A LUCKY FOOL.—Will the Caledonian inform us who it is in St. Johnsbury, that has been lucky enough to draw six thousand dollars in the Maryland State Lottery. We see it stated in the lottery sheets that a person living in St. Johnsbury has drawn the above named sum. If any one has succeeded in drawing a prize out of those mammoth swindles, his name should be given. We have heard of a great many persons winning fortunes in this way, but never yet saw one who had.

Mr. E. P. Walton Jr. has sent us the Journal of the House and Senate; also a Sermon on the death of Ezekiel P. Walton, delivered by Wm. H. Lord of Montpelier—for which favors he has our thanks.

The Christian Register says it is calculated that the clergy cost the United States six millions of dollars annually; the criminals nineteen millions; the lawyers thirty-five millions; tobacco forty millions, and run one hundred millions.

THANKS.—Our thanks are due to the Hon. Alvah Sabin for valuable public documents.

Great Fire in Williston.

On Saturday, the 27th ult., a destructive fire occurred in Williston, which consumed two large two-story dwellings, barns, eleven barns, a wheelwright shop and also about a thousand bushels of grain. The fire originated by the burning out of a chimney in the house owned by Mr. Lester Hall, and in one hour from that time his house and five barns were burned to the ground. Mr. Hall's buildings were situated in Williston village, and as they were not insured, his loss cannot be less than four or five thousand dollars. The remaining house and four of the barns were owned by Mr. Moulton, and the remaining two barns by Mr. Charles. These last mentioned buildings were situated on the road going North from the village, and were most of them insured. Had there not been a very strong south wind, those buildings out of the village would not have caught fire, for the nearest of them were not within a quarter of a mile of where the fire originated. The people of Williston feel that they have suffered a great pecuniary loss.—*Caledonian.*

Suicide.

The dead body of a young Irishman, named John McMan, was found this morning by the roadside near Mr. Elisha Barstow's on the Shelburne road, about three miles south of this village. A pistol in his hand, and a wound under his right ear, half of which was shot away, showed that he came to his death by his own hand. It appeared from the evidence before the Coroner's Jury, that he had worked for Mr. Elisha Barstow for six or eight weeks previous to March 27, since which time he had been looking for work, in this State and New York, without success. The report of the pistol was heard by the neighbors about half past nine o'clock last evening. No money was found upon him, and his sole property appeared to be the clothing upon his body, the pistol (a small single barreled one), and a few percussion caps.—He was unmarried, and between 25 and 30 years of age. The jury brought in a verdict of self-murder in accordance with the facts.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Douglas's Liberality.

Some of the papers have been extolling Senator Douglas for his liberality in donating ten acres of land, worth \$50,000, to the Baptist church, in Chicago.—Another version of the matter was that he had endowed a college with that amount. The Chicago Democrat very quietly pricks the bubble. It says: "Douglas has about seventy acres of land, worth, as it now stands, on an average, two thousand dollars per acre. He offers to give ten acres of it to any person or corporation that shall build upon the same such a building as he describes, costing at least one hundred thousand dollars. Title to be made on completion of building. The balance of the land not occupied by the building to be a public park forever. This would enable him to sell lots for residences about the park and thereby make the remaining sixty acres worth nearly half a million of dollars, whilst the whole seventy is worth only one hundred and forty thousand dollars."

From the Boston Journal.

The Massacre at Panama.

The details of the bloody massacre of American passengers at Panama on the night of the 15th ult., have come to hand. One of the Cortes' passengers furnishes to the New York Express a full statement of the terrible affair. It appears that the passengers of the Cortes, from San Francisco, were detained at the Isthmus in consequence of that vessel, upon arrival at San Juan, taking a large coal ship and towing her from thence to Panama. The George Law, on account of the tardiness of the Cortes, left Aspinwall before her arrival, and the passengers, with their Nicaragua tickets, were compelled to remain at Panama until some steamer might be ready to sail from Aspinwall for the North American ports. On the 13th and 15th insts., respectively, the steamers Philadelphia and Illinois arrived at Aspinwall, bringing together over 1600 passengers, bound to California. They were all taken to Panama by railroad, on the afternoon of the 15th, and were stationed around the depot, preparatory to embarkation on the John L. Stevens—their baggage lying on the ground about the depot and in the store room of the building. A portion of the baggage was removed to the steamboat wharf, where lay a small steamer and a lighter, for the purpose of taking off the passengers and their baggage; but the tide was out, and both were aground, so that they could not move from the wharf. The account says:—

"At 6 o'clock, or near that time, a drunken man from New Orleans, who had arrived at Aspinwall by the Philadelphia, called 'New York Jack,' and who had been some time strolling around the suburbs of the city, insulating all he met, stopped at a fruit stand a few rods south of the depot, and near where an iron boat was on the stock, being built for the mail company, and immediately got into a quarrel about a water melon with the native who sold fruit. A pistol was drawn by the rowdy, and the native flourished his knife in defence, and the friends of the drunken man were soon pitted against a crowd of natives.

In a moment a general row was awakened, and knives and pistols were flourished without restraint.

As soon as the fight became rather general among those who happened to be near, the *hombres* shouted 'Caraho Americano,' and hundreds of the demons rushed into the conflict.

The signal for assembling the police of the city was soon given; bugles sounded, and shouts of warning were heard in all directions, and in a few moments twenty or thirty soldiers appeared, armed with muskets and fixed bayonets.

At this stage of the fray, and before many lives had been taken, the American Consul, (Ward), Mr. Center, the agent of the railroad company, and other gentlemen of influence interfered, and for a moment quieted the mob; but some base spirits, who seemed to have little regard for life or the safety and welfare of others, rushed out again, discharging revolvers, and rousing again the vengeance of the natives.

The Police, consisting mostly of black natives of the country, in full sympathy with the masses and hatred of all Europeans, and especially Americans, commenced firing on the passengers, killing as many as their miserable ability would allow.

The passengers were generally unarmed and entirely defenceless, and the mercenaries shot them down while endeavoring to escape from the melee.

A few rods south of the iron boat, where the riot commenced, stands the 'Pacific House,' a quasi hotel, where were congregated a large number of passengers. The Police and a desperate band of natives, rushed towards it, and the efforts of those inside to prevent their ingress being ineffectual, they broke in, cutting and shooting at everything that opposed them.

The bar, that was well stored with liquors, was soon demolished; after drinking and securing what they desired; they then made their way up stairs and broke and robbed every trunk, bag and other things supposed to contain clothing or money. The inside of the house was completely destroyed.

The Ocean House, a little nearer the depot, and a much larger building, was crowded with men, women and children, to the number of 250 or 300, and the bar-room and other parts of the house were objects of much greater attraction to the savage rioters.

The Americans had, by this time, become alarmed for their safety and that of their families and friends, and being mostly without arms, now only sought a retreat from the barbarity of their assailants. This so called police band fired into the Ocean House in all directions, through the partitions, windows and doors, literally riddled the building, wounding several and killing one or two. They demolished the bar, fixtures and furniture in the house, and drove out every person, pillaging everything and sparing no body.

At least 500 persons were in the depot when it was attacked, several of whom were killed on the spot, and many others badly wounded.

Here was a shocking scene presented, not only of murder, but robbery and pillage. Hundreds of trunks and packages were broken open, and their contents taken or scattered over the ground. The floor was covered with blood, and the papers of the railroad company and those of the passengers were strewn about, smeared with blood of those who were the innocent victims of those infernal demons.

When the depot was entered the crowd dispersed in all directions; but a large portion of them fled towards the wharf, and the small steamer lying at the outer end—upon this were crowded 600 or 700, including nearly all the women and children. A considerable portion of the baggage of the Illinois passengers had been removed from the depot before the affray commenced, and was piled up on a lighter which lay on the outside of the Teboga. This part of the baggage was hid from the natives, and from this or some other cause was left unharmed.

Here they obtained a considerable amount of money, besides clothing and other property, and every person in the house that could, fled, leaving all behind—some to the depot, some to the beach, some to the woody thickets that were not far off, some towards the city walls, and nearly all met again, and again exposed to the fire and knives of these merciless brutes.

From the Ocean House, the mob proceeded to the depot, where it was supposed a stand could be made against them. The hope was, however, vain. In the confusion, the railroad officers had been unable to organize an effective force, and resistance could not be made.

The building was crowded with passengers guarding their baggage, and endeavoring to find safety there, some of whom met the foe manfully; but the force could not be resisted, and they broke in and made the place a real slaughter house.

When the villains had driven everybody from the depot, they followed in the direction whence the greatest number fled, towards the wharf. On arriving at the head of the wharf, and perhaps eighty yards from the steamer, their progress was arrested by some means, not exactly ascertained—some said by public order of the authorities, while others supposed it was the sight of so many women and children, from whom the desperadoes could not expect any booty.

The passengers of the Cortes were many of them, within the walls of the town, stopping at the various hotels, and, therefore, not more perhaps, than half of them came within range of the scene of action.

It would be vain to attempt to a detail of outrages committed upon the passengers. Some were robbed of all they had—money and clothing—while others only paid a tribute of a few dollars, under a promise of protection by the police.—One Cortes passenger was robbed of \$4,500 in gold dust, and another of 143 ounces—\$2600. The money was, in some cases, hid in trunks and sacks, and often carried in belts around the owners; and in the latter case the clothes were stripped from the person in a brutal manner, and the money taken, sometimes leaving the victim helpless and bleeding.

At the Ocean House and Pacific all the baggage was scattered, as at the depot, and more money taken in proportion, because many of the inmates of those houses were returning Californians.—There was among these, also, a large amount of valuable baggage consisting of jewelry, trinkets, crape shawls, &c., carried as presents.

It is estimated that the baggage taken and destroyed was worth \$20,000, besides the money lost, which was at least \$30,000.

The loss of life could not be ascertained with certainty. Eighteen were lying dead the next morning in and about the depot, and many others were missing and badly wounded—perhaps ten mortally. At least thirty must have been killed and twenty wounded—among the latter was the Secretary of the American Consul.

It was ascertained that one woman and two children only were killed, though several others were badly wounded; one having her hand shattered to pieces, and another was shot through the shoulder.

The mischief was principally done by the villainous police, under pretence of keeping order; a large portion of those killed and wounded received shots from their muskets. But few others of the natives had fire arms, though they inflicted most shocking and brutal wounds with their sabres and cutlasses, which nearly all of them ordinarily carry. The rascals who carried the muskets 'by authority' fired into the houses, and crowds of innocent people who were striving to escape, without the slightest excuse or inducement, except hatred of Americans and a determination to kill and rob all they could.

The Panama Railroad Company suffered severely. All the papers of the

office not only were destroyed, but the building was riddled, and the track torn up some distance from the depot, in order to secure the cars that might run in from Aspinwall, and also to prevent a train from running out.

It is understood that among the killed were two of the watchmen of the company.

The express matter of Wells & Fargo, coming by the Illinois, was not carried over to Panama, with the passengers, but started on a train at evening. The robbers at Panama were aware of this, and waited for its arrival, expecting it to run off the track torn up by them, and thus become an easy prey.—Just before its arrival at Panama, one of the passenger conductors (William) was taken by the natives, while watching the arrival of the train, and threatened with instant death unless he would go and meet the train and bring it in, which he agreed to do. They swore they would kill every man on the train. He ran and met it just before it came to the broken track, and waved a handkerchief as a signal to stop, and jumping on to the engine, begged of the engineer to back. It was instantly done, while the negroes approached within a few rods. The train ran back to Aspinwall, and was thereby saved. The treasure brought down by the Cortes was not landed before the riot, and was saved.

The next morning the rioters wearied, and many of them drunk, lay in their huts and boats asleep, and order was partially restored. The Cortes' passengers were hurried off early to Aspinwall, whence they embarked on the 17th for New York, via Havana, on the Philadelphia.

As they left Panama some of the natives were quietly overhauling their baggage in and around the depot, and they were advised not to interfere lest another outbreak should ensue.

The Aspinwall Courier extra of the 17th gives substantially the same account of the affray, although less blame is bestowed upon the police. All the officials at the railway station, except the superintendent, lost everything they had in clothing and valuables of every description, and everything about the building was either carried off or destroyed. The Courier gives the following list of killed and wounded:

"Some twenty foreigners were killed, and between thirty and forty badly wounded; among the latter were several women and children; among the former were: R. W. Marks of Pennsylvania, also an old resident. Both of these were respectable and esteemed citizens, whom we have known long and well. Mr. Stokes, an officer of the Walker company that came to Panama on the Cortes, was among the killed. Of the wounded we have the names of Mitchell Betten, Orleans county, Vt., from Gold Hill, Placer county, Cal., was found murdered in the woods near the railroad station. He had two thousand dollars on him when murdered.

An attempt having been made to get the passengers who were in the vicinity of the station on board the little steamer, the natives formed a guard at the beach, and stripped men, women and children, as they approached, taking the women's rings from their fingers and ears, and their pins from their cuffs and bosoms.—Of the residents of the Isthmus were:

W. A. Hunter, shot in the wrist; bone fractured.

Theo. de Saba, Secretary of the United States Consul at Panama.

Palmer, an employee of the Railroad Company at Panama.

Of passengers per steamer Cortes: George O. Field, of New York, brother, or otherwise nearly related to Mrs. Graves, Wayne street, Jersey City, shot in the hip with a musket ball—bad fracture.

Joseph M. Parker, Bangor, Maine, cut with a machete on the head—skull fractured and a stab in the loins.

A. W. Selover, Providence, R. I., shot through the lungs with a musket ball.

A. Lante Swane, Strong, Me., shot in the shoulder with a musket ball, which passed down into the kidneys.

Of passengers per steamer Cortes: Patrick J. O'Neal, San Francisco, gun shot through the body, and a gash on the head with a machete—Relatives at 131 Christie street, New York.

Nathan Preble, Hancock county, Ohio Pleasantville, near Finley, cut in the face very badly, with a machete.

Rev. Jno. Selwood, late rector of Trinity Church, Grahamville, S. C.; shot in the region of the stomach, and also in the head, with musket balls—likewise had a cut in the head with some sharp instrument.

At the police station there were some dozen of the 'Illinois' passengers, all of whom were wounded but none of them seriously, except one—whose name we could not ascertain.

Although the number of dead and wounded known is not greater than we have stated, we feel confident that more were killed than we have stated, we feel confident that more were killed than have been found, or of whom we have any tidings."

The Great Philadelphia Fire.

We copy from the Philadelphia papers the following account of the fearful conflagration which occurred in that city on Wednesday night, a brief account of which has been received by telegraph. The fire broke out a little after twelve o'clock, in the paper warehouse of Messrs. Jessup & Moore:

[From the Philadelphia Inquirer.] At about quarter past one o'clock, the interior of the walls of Messrs. Jessup & Moore's store fell with a tremendous crash.

The large building occupied by Messrs. Wilcox & Co., No. 223, as a straw bonnet manufactory, is entirely destroyed. The Merchants' Exchange Eating Saloon has in a great measure shared the same fate.

The wind blows strongly from the eastward.

We found at 2 A. M. the elegant warehouse of Messrs. Caleb, Cope & Co., and that adjoining on the westward on Market street, a mass of fire. Soon afterward, the front walls, with the floorings, and heavy stocks of valuable goods, fell inward with a fearful crash—driving an immense volume of flame across the full width of Market street, and setting fire to the market house roof and stalls immediately adjacent.

Several persons who had stationed themselves upon the roof, and on the lower side of the street (which is at least sixty feet wide,) made very narrow escapes from the devouring element.

The rear of the Merchant's Eating House, to the eastward, was on fire, tho' it was uncertain at the time of leaving, whether that spacious edifice would be destroyed. At all events, the numerous market people and others who procure their meals at that establishment must look elsewhere for food to-day.

An instance of daring temerity was exhibited by several firemen, who attended the cupola of the hotel while the fire was at its hottest, determined to save the valuable clock which ornaments that structure. It strikes the one quarter hours, and is the only one of the kind, we believe in the city.

Never has it been our lot to witness a spectacle of more terrific grandeur. The air was filled with dense flying clouds, which caught up and reflected the light of the conflagration, until the vast space occupied by the central part of the city was fully illuminated, and the smallest print could be read with ease many squares from the scene of disaster. The State House, Girard Bank, Jayne's Buildings, the Exchange, and in fact, every prominent point was bathed in the unwonted glare.

No. 1. Robert Clark's stove store.

The N. E. corner of Market and Sixth streets is occupied by Messrs. M. Walker & Sons, who have on hand an immense stock of ironware, sieves, agricultural implements, &c. The adjoining house in Market street occupied Mr. Wm. Knight, is totally destroyed, as well as the adjoining stores on the north side of Market street.

Messrs. Wilcox, Rogers & Co.'s silk store, No. 227 Market street, is completely in ruins, a portion of the walls having fallen into the street, and the back walls having caved in.

Messrs. Levick Brothers & Co., one of our heaviest boot and shoe stores, have lost their entire stock. They occupied the same building.

No. 225. Was a new brown stone store, belonging to Messrs. Caleb, Cope & Co. It is now a mass of smouldering ruins. It was the finest and most costly building of the description in the city.

No. 223. Was a new store, partially completed. It was totally destroyed.

IN COMMERCIAL STREET.

The rapidity with which the flames spread across the buildings on the north and south side of Commerce st., made it impossible to save anything of the contents of the stores on this street. Four of the largest stores on the south side of the street, and three dwellings on North street, are totally destroyed.

No. 48, on the South side, was a new store, belonging to Messrs. Caleb, Cope & Co., and was the rear of the extensive store fronting on Market st.

Several other buildings in this vicinity were also on fire, but by the strenuous efforts of the firemen, they were saved.

ON NORTH STREET.

The fire spread with great rapidity, after it was first discovered in Messrs. Jessup & Moore's store, and five dwellings adjoining were completely destroyed—two of them burning down—totally demolished, and the walls tottering to the danger of every one passing.

Messrs. John Trucks & Sons, grocers, occupied a portion of the building for the storage of coffee, tea, sugar, &c.

No. 44 was the rear of Messrs. Wilcox, Rogers & Co., and Messrs. Levick Brothers & Co.'s store in Market street. The walls of three buildings are down.

No. 45 was a two story frame cooper shop, occupied by Mr. Carter. The combustible character of the contents of this building, added to increase the loss by the disastrous conflagration.

No. 47, Messrs. Myers and Supple's, box manufacturers. It was a two story

frame building, and is completely destroyed.

No. 49, was a two story frame building occupied by Mr. Samuel Croft, as a cooper smith shop. It was with its contents totally destroyed.

At half-past three o'clock the flames spread across Sixth street, below Market, setting fire to Messrs. Sulender & Pencil's hat furnishing store. The upper stories were burned out and the stock badly destroyed.

By this terrible conflagration, the loss sustained cannot fall far short of two million dollars.

[From the Bulletin Extra.]

The scene was now frightful—the flames shot up high into the air, illuminating the entire city, and threatening to destroy entire blocks to the westward. Commerce and North streets were in flames, and fires were raging upon both sides of Market and Sixth sts.

The wind, which was increasing in strength, was carrying a fiery shower to great distance; all around the scene of devastation persons were hurrying away their families and goods to places of safety.

For a time, owing to the violence of the wind, this fire assumed a terrible aspect, but a cold rain coming up materially assisted the gallant firemen, and prevented the sparks from carrying the fire to the neighboring roofs.

The firemen, bewildered and distracted at the insufficiency of the means at their command, in comparison with the vastness of the field of exertion before them, struggled manfully with the destroying element, and under the judicious commands of their officers did the best they could.

The fire continued to spread until daylight, and when the sun rose a sadening scene of destruction was exhibited. Every building on the North side of Market street, from the unfinished structure at No. 219, to Sixth street, was in ruins, and most of the houses on the east side of Sixth street to North Street were down.

The western ends of North and Commerce streets were in ruins, while gaps were made in the blocks south as west of the bounds described. Some fine buildings were destroyed, many of the stores of great value.

Between six and seven o'clock this day morning a second fire was occasioned by the flying sparks from the great fire.

"The burning flakes had lit upon the roof of the silk and fancy goods establishment of John Kiehl & Sons, No. 20 Chestnut street, below Tenth, setting on fire and destroying a quantity of goods in the third and fourth stories of the building.

The cloak and mantilla store of Mr. Geo. Fryer, No. 254 Chestnut st., (see door below), caught from the roof of Messrs. Kiehl's establishment, and these stores were much damaged.

The firemen soon got the flames under at both these buildings, but the loss was great, as the goods destroyed by fire and water were fine and valuable.

Destructive Fire in New York.

A fire broke out in the depot of the Harlem and New Haven Railroad, New York, Thursday morning, which caused a loss of probably \$100,000.

The building was a very large one, and was occupied by several manufacturers, as well as the railroad companies. The building was not wholly destroyed. The principal losses were—Edward Austin daguerrotype manufacturer, loss \$2,000—fully insured; E. S. Peckham spectacle manufacturer, \$20,000—surplus; T. L. Bishop, gutta serena manufacturer, \$8,000—fully insured; Chas. C. Harrison, optician and daguerrotype instrument maker, \$4,000—insured half; Mr. Phil, ivory turner, \$25,000—fully insured. Other manufacturers of small sums. An engine and a large quantity of machinery belonging to the Harlem Railroad Company was destroyed, insured for \$20,000, which will cover loss. The New Haven Company's loss is much larger. The damage to the building is about \$7,000 or \$8,000. About eight hundred workmen are thrown out of employment by the fire.

THE GREAT PULPIT STAR IN ENGLAND.—The most attractive pulpitator, at the present time, in London, is the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon. His characteristics as a speaker are said to be first eloquence, and an astonishing command of language. Without the aid of a plain note, his argument, though perfectly plain and straight-forward, is strikingly forcible. His voice is clear and resonant, his sonorous; his figures are often very happy, and though sometimes overdone, never tame; he employs all the powers of the revivalist school, and his happy combination of the suavitè with the emphasis in his dramatic enunciation, which sometimes partake so strongly of the ludicrous that a general titter throughout the audience is irrepressible.

THE CONDUCT OF ANOTHER.

Always an echo of our own.